Late Cable News.

A Fatal Hallucination—Lepers at Large—A Swiss Murderer Arrested in London.

Very sad, sensational and extraordinary is the story of Miss Gertrude Brown as brought to light at an inquest on the body day before yesterday, in London. Miss Brown was a very attractive young lady, twenty-four years old last May, who arrived in England from Australia, and since then has been possessed by a fatal hallucination which caused her a few days since to take a fatal dose of laudanum and then cut her throat with a razor.

She believed, and nothing could shake her conviction, that on shipboard she had been drugged and then dishonored by a man she wondered name. The thought so preyed on her mind that she sank into chronic melancholy. One day, in a fit of despair, she told the story to her uncle.

"Who is your betrayer? he asked. "Per-[illegible] will never [illegible]," answered Gertrude. "He is married man."

"But what evidence have you, continued her uncle, "that what you say is true?"

Miss Brown was forced to admit that she had none whatever. She had seen no one [illegible] any one enter the cabin, [illegible] her companions, who [illegible] nothing. The statement [illegible] that the girl's uncle, [illegible] who subsequently had a [illegible] with Gertrude, arrived at the conclusion that Miss Brown was [illegible] hallucination resulting [illegible] not at all common [illegible] seeing had it [illegible], however, that [illegible] to change the [illegible] circumstances, [illegible] her [illegible] demonstrated [illegible] girl was as pure [illegible] day of her birth. [illegible] recovered in Paris [illegible] Caledonia, but only [illegible] the permanent [illegible] unable to discover [illegible] and killed [illegible] Cardons of [illegible] at home in Chel[illegible] Belgrave. He [illegible] Bow Street Police [illegible] in the garden. He was surrounded [illegible] Illustrious whom were [illegible] two armed [illegible] Western Cabinet was [illegible] he counsel [illegible] was raised as to [illegible] prisoner was of a [illegible] an act for [illegible] insanity [illegible]

WIRELETS.

[illegible] been formed in Portugal [illegible] of Holland [illegible] Emperor William [illegible]

Cost of Iron Bridges.

[illegible] iron bridges [illegible] German patent [illegible] journal, the [illegible] of Entral Messrs. [illegible] They are made [illegible] and age, the wall [illegible] to neither or [illegible] the upper and lower [illegible] provided with grooves [illegible] which strength one [illegible] to make a [illegible] complete union or coalescence [illegible]

[illegible] in addition two large circular [illegible] on the upper side of each brick, arranged [illegible] suitably formed proportions [illegible] of the brick above, [illegible] proportions being also hooked [illegible] to make a more secure hold [illegible] that the joints be made and re[illegible] the mortar tight, a fluid is applied [illegible] of the bricks with a brush. [illegible] spaces in the bricks, [illegible] with which they may be put [illegible] and taken apart without injuring them [illegible] advantages in their [illegible] substitute for ordinary bricks and [illegible] construction.

Remarkable Deaf and Dumb Man.

[illegible] interesting scene was witnessed at the court house at Sherbrooke, P. Q., a [illegible] ago. A deaf mute was arrested by the Grand Trunk authorities upon suspicion of stealing some goods from one of the company's cars. When brought to trial the prisoner surprised the court by writing upon a piece of paper that he intended to defend himself, and was [illegible] as to whether the trial was [illegible] in English or French. The accused went to work, and with paper and pen cross-examined the opposing witnesses with all the ability of a trained advocate. In fact, he did so well that a verdict of not guilty was returned against the man without hearing and without speech.

"Can you forgive me and love me still?" and the newly made bride, "when I confess that my teeth are artificial?" "Thank Heaven," cried the groom, as he snatched off his wig, "now I can cool my head!"

In the Dairy and Apiary buildings at the Exhibition this year, we notice an exhibit of Munn's Pure Newfoundland Boneless Codfish in one and two-pound brick packed in various sized boxes for the convenience of the trade. This article being of superior quality and a new industry introduced into Canada direct from Newfoundland, the representatives, Messrs. Stewart Munn & Co., of Montreal, being desirous of drawing the attention of the merchants of Ontario to its production, and being a wholesome food for family use, have, in consequence, several crates on exhibition. This industry has been monopolized heretofore chiefly by the United States. The Montreal firm expect to have arrangements made to supply the principal portion of the trade of Canada. Accompanying the exhibit are recipes for the different styles of cooking the fish.—*The Toronto Empire.*

EDINBURGH

A Ramble in the Scottish Capital.

A bright blue sky, across which many masses of thin white cloud are borne swiftly on the cool western wind, bends over the stately city, and all her miles of gray mansions and spacious, cleanly streets, sparkle beneath it in a flood of summer sunshine. It is the Lord's Day, and most of the highways are deserted and quiet. From the top of the Calton Hill you look down upon hundreds of blue smoke-wreaths, curling upward from the chimneys of the resting and restful town, and in every direction the prospect is one of opulence and peace. A thousand years of history are here crystallized within the circuit of a single glance, and while you gaze upon one of the grandest emblems that the world contains of a storied and romantic past, you behold likewise a living and resplendent pageant of the beauty of To-day. Nowhere else are the Past and the Present so lovingly blended. There, in the centre, towers the great crown of St. Giles. Hard by are the quaint slopes of the Canongate, teeming with illustrious, or picturesque, or terrible figures of Long Ago. Yonder the glorious Castle Crag looks steadfastly westward,—its manifold wonderful colors continuously changing in the changeful daylight. Down in the valley Holyrood, haunted by a myriad of memories and by one resplendent face and entrancing presence, nestles at the foot of the giant Salisbury Crag; while the dark, revened peak of Arthur's Seat rears itself supremely over the whole stupendous scene. Southward and westward, in the distance, extends the bleak range of the Pentland Hills; eastward the cone of Berwick Law and the desolate Bass Rock seem to cleave the sea; and northward, beyond the glistening crystal of the Forth,—with the white lines of embattled Inchkeith like

A DIAMOND ON ITS BOSOM,

the lovely Lomonds, the virginal mountain breasts of Fife, are bared to the kiss of heaven. It is such a picture as words can but faintly suggest; but when you look upon it you readily comprehend the pride and the passion with which a Scotchman loves his native land.

Dr. Johnson named Edinburgh as "a city too well known to admit description." That judgment was proclaimed more than a hundred years ago—before yet Caledonia had bewitched the world's heart as the haunted land of Robert Burns and Walter Scott, and if it were true then, it is all the more true now. But while the reverent pilgrim along the ancient highways of history may not wisely attempt description, which would be superfluous, he perhaps may usefully indulge in brief chronicle and impression—for these sometimes prove suggestive to minds that are kindred with his own. Hundreds of travellers annually visit Edinburgh; but it is one thing to visit and another thing to see; and every suggestion, surely, is of some value that helps to clarify our vision. This capital is not learned by driving about it in a cab; for Edinburgh to be truly seen and comprehended must be seen and comprehended as an exponent of the colossal individuality of the Scottish character, and, therefore, it must be observed with thought. Here is no echo and no imitation. Many another provincial city, of Britain is a miniature copy of London; but the quality of Edinburgh is her own. Portions of her architecture do indeed denote a rightful reverence for ancient Italian models, while certain other portions reveal the influence of the semi-classical taste that prevailed in the time of the Regent, afterward George the Fourth. The democratic tendency of this period,—expressing itself here precisely as it does everywhere else, in button-making pettiness and vulgar commonplace,—is likewise sufficiently obvious. Nevertheless, in every important detail of Edinburgh and of its life the reticent, resolute, formidable, impetuous, passionate

CHARACTER OF THE SCOTTISH RACE

is conspicuous and predominant. Much has been said against the Scotch spirit—the tide of cavil pouring on from Dr. Johnson to Sidney Smith. Dignity has been denied to it, and so has magnanimity, and so has humor; but there is no audience more quick than the Scotch audience to respond either to pathos or to mirth; there is no literature in the world so musically, tenderly and weirdly poetical as the Scotch literature; there is no place on earth where the imaginative instinct of the national mind has resisted as it has resisted in Scotland the encroachment of utility upon the domain of romance; there is no people whose history has excelled that of Scotland in the display of heroic intellectual and moral purpose, combined with passionate sensibility; and no city could possibly surpass the physical fact of Edinburgh as a manifestation of broad ideas, instituted opinions, and grim and rugged grandeur. Wherever way you turn, and whatever object you behold, that consciousness is always present to your thoughts—the consciousness of a race of beings intensely original, individual, passionate, assertive, and magnificent.

The capital of Scotland is not only beautiful, but eloquent. The present writer does not assume to describe it, or to instruct any reader concerning it, but only to declare that at every step the sensitive mind is impressed with the splendid intellect, the individual force, and the romantic charm of the Scotch character, as it is commemorated and displayed in this delightful place. What a wealth of significance it possesses may be indicated by even the most meagre record and the most superficial commentary upon the passing events of a traveller's ordinary day. The greatest name in the literature of Scotland is Walter Scott. He lived and labored for twenty-six years in the modest three-story, graystone house, which is No. 39 Castle-street. Two days ago it was my privilege to enter that house, and to stand in the room in which Scott wrote the novels of "Waverley."

MANY YEARS ROLL BACKWARD

under the spell of such an experience, and the gray haired man is a boy again, with all the delights of the Waverley Novels before him health shining in his eyes, and joy beating in his heart, as he looks onward through vistas of golden light into a paradise of fadeless flowers and of happy dreams. The room that was Scott's study is a small one, on the first floor, at the back, and is dimly lighted by one large window, opening eastward, through which you look upon the rear walls of many sombre, gray buildings, and upon a small slope of green lawn in which is the unmarked grave of one of Sir Walter's dogs. "The misery of keeping a dog," he once wrote, "is his dying so soon; but, to be sure, if he lived for fifty years and then died, what would become of me?" My attention was called to a peculiar fastening in the window of the study, invented and placed there by Scott himself, so arranged that the sash can be kept safely locked when raised a few inches from the sill. On the south side of the room is the fireplace, facing which he would sit as he wrote, and into which, of an evening, he has often gazed, hearing meanwhile the moan of the winter wind, and conjuring up, in the blazing brands, those figures of brave knights and gentle ladies that were to live forever in the amber of his magical art. Next to the study, on the same floor, is the larger apartment that was his dining-room, where his portrait of Claverhouse (now at Abbotsford) once hung, above the mantel, and where so many of the famous people of the past have enjoyed his hospitality and his delightful talk. On the south wall of this room now hang two priceless autograph letters neatly framed, one of them in the handwriting of Scott, the other in that of Burns. Both rooms are used for business offices now—the house being tenanted by the agency of the New-Zealand Mortgage Company—and both are furnished with large presses for the keeping of deeds and family archives. Nevertheless, these rooms remain much as they were when Scott lived in them, and his spirit seems to haunt the place. I was brought very near to him that day, for in the same hour was placed in my hands the original manuscript of his journals, and I saw, in his own handwriting,

THE LAST WORDS

that ever fell from his pen. Those journals are in two quarto volumes, of ruruled bluish paper, bound in white vellum, now yellowed with age, and each provided with a lock. Sir Walter kept this diary from 1825 to 1832, and these are the famous "locked books," which were consulted by Lockhart when he was writing the Life, but which have never yet been published. One of them is completely filled with writing: the other nearly so: and the lines in both are of a fine, small character, crowded closely together. Towards the last the writing manifests only too well the growing infirmity of the broken Minstrel—the forecast of the hallowed death-bed of Abbotsford and the venerable and glorious tomb of Dryburgh. He was on his tour in Italy, from which so much was hoped—and hoped in vain. These are his last words: "We slept securely and on the next morning"; and so the journal abruptly ends. I can in no way explain the emotion with which I looked upon these feebly scrawled syllables—the last effort of the nerveless hand that once had been strong enough to thrill the heart of all the world. The Journals will soon be published. They have been lovingly and carefully edited by Mr. David Douglas, whose fine taste and great gentleness of nature, together with his ample knowledge of Scottish literature and society, entirely and eminently qualify him for the performance of this sacred duty; and you will possess their treasures and feel the charm of their beauty and their pathos—which is the charm of a great nature expressed in its perfect simplicity; but the spell that is cast upon the heart and the imagination by a sight of the actual handwriting of Sir Walter Scott, in the last words that he ever wrote, cannot be conveyed in print.

One could muse for many an hour over that little Venetian mirror that hangs in the bedroom of Queen Mary Stuart, in Holyrood Palace. What faces and what scenes it must have reflected! How often

HER OWN BEAUTIFUL COUNTENANCE

and person,—the dazzling eyes the snowy brow, the red gold hair, the alabaster bosom—must have blazed in its crystal depths,—now tarnished and dim, like the record of her own calamitous and wretched days! Did those lovely eyes look into this mirror—and was their glance scared and tremulous, or fixed and terrible—on that dismal February night, so many years ago, when the fatal explosion in the Kirk o' Field resounded with an echo that has never died away? Who shall tell? This glass saw the gaunt and livid face of Ruthven when he led his cousin into that royal chamber, and it beheld Rizzio screaming in mortal terror as he was torn from the skirts of his mistress and savagely murdered before her eyes. Perhaps, also, when that terrible episode was over and done with, it saw Queen Mary and her despicable husband the next time they met, and were alone together in that ghastly room. "It shall be dear blood to some of you," the Queen had said, while the murder of Rizzio was doing. Surely, having so injured a woman, any man with eyes to see might have divined his fate, in the perfect calm of her heavenly face and the quiet tones of that gentle voice, at such a moment as that. At the fireside tragedies are acted"—and tragic enough must have been the scene of that meeting, apart from human gaze, in the chamber of crime and death. No other relic of Mary Stuart so stirs the imagination as this mirror does—unless, perhaps, it be that little ebony crucifix, once owned and reverenced by Sir Walter Scott, and now piously treasured at Abbotsford—which she held in her hands when she went to her death in the hall of Fotheringay Castle.

Holyrood Palace in Mary Stuart's time was not of its present shape. The tower containing her rooms was standing, and from that tower the building extended eastward to the Abbey, and then it broadened to the south. Much of this building was destroyed by fire in 1544 and again in Cromwell's time, but both church and palace were rebuilt. The entire south side, with its tower that looks

DIRECTLY TOWARD

the crags, was added in the later period of Charles the Second. The furniture in Mary Stuart's room is mostly spurious, but the rooms are genuine. Musing thus, and much striving to reconstruct those strange scenes of the past in which that beautiful, dangerous woman bore so great a part, the pilgrim strolls away into the Canongate,—once so clean and elegant, now so squalid and noisome—and still the storied figures of history walk by his side or come to meet him at every Close and Wynd. John Knox, Robert Burns, Tobias Smollett, David Hume, Dugald Stuart, John Wilson, Hugh Miller—Gay led onward by the blythe and gracious Duchess of Queensberry, and Dr. Johnson, escorted by the affectionate and faithful James Boswell, the best biographer that ever lived—these and many more, the lettered worthies of long ago, throng into this haunted street and glorify it with the rekindled

SPLENDORS OF OTHER DAYS.

You can never be lonely here. This it is that makes the place so eloquent and so precious. For what did these men live and labor? To what were their shining talents and wonderful forces devoted? To the dissemination of learning; to the emancipation of the human mind from the bondage of error; to the ministry of the beautiful—and thus to the advancement of the human race in material comfort, in gentleness of thought, in charity of conduct, in refinement of manners, and in that spiritual exaltation by which, and only by which, the true progress of mankind is at once accomplished and proclaimed.

But the dark lies come and this sketch of an Edinburgh ramble shall end with the picture that closed its own magnificent day. You are standing on the rock summit of Arthur's Seat. From that superb mountain peak your gaze takes in the whole capital, together with the country in every direction for many miles around. The evening is uncommonly clear. Only in the west dense masses of black cloud are thickly piled upon each other, through which the sun is sinking, red and sullen with menace of the storm. Elsewhere and overhead the sky is crystal, and of a pale, delicate blue. A cold wind blows briskly from the east and

SWEEPS A MILLION STREAMERS

of white smoke in turbulent panic over the darkening roofs of the city far below. In the north all the lovely Lomond Hills are distinctly visible across the dusky level of the Forth, which stretches away toward the ocean, one broad sheet of glimmering steel—its margin indented with many a graceful bay, and the little islands that adorn it shining like stones of amethyst set in polished flint. A few brown sails are visible, dotting the waters, and far to the east appears the graceful outline of the Isle of May which was the shrine of the martyred St. Adrian—and the lonely, wave-beaten Bass Rock, with its millions of seagulls and solan geese. Busy Leith and picturesque Newhaven, and every little village on the coast is sharply defined in the frosty light. At your feet is St. Leonards, with the tiny cottage of Jeannie Deans. Yonder, in the south, are the gray ruins of Craigmillan Castle—once the favorite summer home of the Queen of Scots, now open to sun and rain; moss-grown and desolate, and swept by every wind that blows. More eastward the eye lingers upon Carberry Hill, where Mary surrendered herself to her nobles just before the romantic episode of Lock Leven castle, and far beyond that height the sombre fields, interscaled by green hawthorn hedges and many-colored with the various hues of pasture and harvest, stretch away to the hills of Lammermoor and the Valleys of Tweed and Esk. Darker and darker grow the gathering shadows of the gloaming. The lights begin to twinkle in the city streets. The echoes of the rifles die away in the Hunter's Bog. A piper far off is playing the plaintive Scotch music of "Where, tell me where, is my Highland laddie gone." And as your steps descend the crag the moon, now nearly at the full, shines through a gauzy mist, and hangs above the mountain like a shield of gold upon the tower of Isabel of night.

Fresh or canned cherries instead of grapes make a most delicious dessert served in this way, or, in fact, any juicy fruit may be substituted.

Importers were greatly excited at New York on Saturday over the arrival of cargoes and the collector of customs kept the offices open until midnight passing entries.

Companionship.—Neither intellectually nor socially is it good for man to be alone, and the griefs of thought are more patiently borne when we find that they have been experienced by another.

A certain mineralogist, S. S. Kretovitch, who has been making researches in Government lands, has discovered in south Russia a mine of sulphur, the quality of which is superior to any hitherto known. The mineral directly from the mine if 95 per cent. pure, and its production will not cost more than fifty kopecks per pood (forty pounds). A company is being formed to explore the mine.

A Lascar sailor on board the P. and O. Company's steamer Peninsular, when approaching Aden from Bombay, had a remarkable adventure. He fell overboard from the forward lighthouse. Three life buoys were thrown, and a boat was promptly lowered. The native was not rescued for about a quarter of an hour, when he was found clinging to a life buoy; and it was seen that two large sharks had grabbed the other two life buoys.

GINGER SNAPS.—Mix a pinch of salt and a tablespoonful of ground ginger into a half pound of flour, and to this rub four ounces of butter and the freshly grated rind of a lemon. Mix it to a paste with about two ounces of molasses and a few drops of lemon juice. Flour the pastry board, roll out your pastry as thin as possible, and cut it into rounds with a tumbler. Bake in a moderate oven and roll round your finger into a cone before it hardens, which it very soon does so you must be quick about it. Keep the snaps in a closely shut tin or they will lose their crispness.

Sabbath Observance.

The sabbath is a divine institution and we believe in it as such. The scriptures teach that it is a day of physical rest and moral and intellectual improvement. Remember that it is a divine institution, not established by man, as some would endeavor to consider it. Let those who call the sabbath an institution of man, who say that it is Jewish, established by and for the Jews, remember that its establishment was part of the ten commandments given upon Mount Sinai, not for Jews alone, but designed for all nations to the end of time; that its observance is as binding to-day as it was then. Christ honored the sabbath. He went into the temple and preached. The apostles following in his steps honored it. They prayed and brake bread and preached. The sabbath to-day has not been abrogated; and man has no right to claim that it has been. Its institution is divine and its observance is a divine law.

Sabbath observance is essential to the moral welfare and national stability of a country. We claim one day in seven as a rest day devoted to spiritual and moral improvement. We are entitled to it as a day of rest. It was established in Eden and reiterated in the ten commandments. For man to say that we do not need one day in seven is a reflection on the divine wisdom of Almighty God who instituted this day of rest. If Eden needed it how much more essential is it since the fall. Recall the sad history of those countries who do not regard the sabbath. Mark their physical, moral and intellectual decline; and then turn to the growing power and prosperity of those nations that do observe the sabbath. Compare Great Britain with France, Spain or Mexico. We find sabbath observing nations becoming stronger and stronger in wealth and prosperity; and we may conclude then that the proper observance of one day in seven is essential not only to individual welfare but to national stability.

Sabbath observance is also a national institution. The Christian sabbath was planted by the pilgrim fathers when they landed at Plymouth rock. When they sought these shores from the oppression of another country they brought with them their observance of the Christian sabbath. That the Christian sabbath and its observance is not only a divine but a national law we find evidence in the fact that the courts of this country are not held on Sunday; the legislature does not assemble on Sunday; and the departments of the government are closed on Sunday. What does this all mean, all indicate? That sabbath observance is a national as well as a divine law incorporated in the laws and upheld by the jurisprudence of the country. Individuals from other lands, anarchists and advocates of personal liberty, come to our shores and would destroy the full liberty which the government extends to all. Oh, the insolence and arrogance of those who wish to break down the basis of our national prosperity and welfare!

That Bauble.

The Speaker, in addressing the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows at Leamington, gave a very interesting account of the three maces to which successive Houses of Commons have paid such deference. On the execution of Charles I. the first of these maces disappeared and apparently has never since been heard of. The second was the "bauble" which Cromwell ordered to be taken away, and of which the Speaker tells us that a trace has been discovered in Jamaica, or if not of the mace itself, at all events of some fac simile of it. The third is the mace which was made in 1660 on the restoration of Charles II., and which he himself now sees before him "almost night and day." And of this mace he said enthusiastically that "he hoped it would not disappear from the table of the House, and would have a long and glorious career before it." That is indeed an idolatrous kind of speech. If the Church Association would but pursue the Speaker for fetichism, instead of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's for encouraging idolatry, there would be, we think, a more plausible case before them. If a mace is to have "a long and glorious career," it is obvious that the mace must be regarded as susceptible of glory as well as of life; besides, do not members of the House bow to the mace, while, so far as we know, the Church Association has never yet got proof that even old women bow to the sculptured figures in St. Paul's Cathedral? Mr. Peel is nearer idolatry than any one whom the Church Association has as yet found it possible to press into its service. And is not idolatry to a mace even worse than idolatry to an image?

Why It Is Twelfth Day.

Tradition says that the twelfth day from Christmas Day was remarkable for having been that upon which the visit of the Magi took place, upon which Christ was baptized, the water at Cana turned into wine and the five thousand fed. For 300 years it was kept by Eastern Christians as the day upon which Christ was born, and among ourselves it was long observed with great festivities. We are told that in the reign of King Alfred a law was passed by "virtue of which the twelve days after the nativity of our Saviour were made festivals." The last day was accounted the greatest of the twelve, and especially given up to "Christmas gambols" and the visiting of friends. The custom seems long to have continued in force, for in the sixteenth century Twelfth Day seems to have been kept with as much zeal as Christmas. The royal family at Court led the way, the Universities and the Inns of Court following them in the extent of their festivities. At the Temple the whole twelve days were kept with great care, and many of the country gentlemen followed the same custom. In some parts of England the very poorest people contrived to keep the twelve days with such good cheer for themselves and their neighbors as their means would allow.

Three Rocks.

One of the most successful business men in this country, a man who beginning without a dollar has made a world-wide reputation in amassing a huge fortune, and in maintaining a character for strict integrity, recently warned all boys entering a commercial life that there were three rocks ahead, on which if they once ran aground they would go to ruin.

The first was liquor. "Nothing can be made of a young man in business life," he adds, "no matter what his ability, if he drinks."

The second was speculation. The foundations of any business, whether it be that of a great controller of a trust or a mere newsboy selling a dollar's worth of papers, are undermined the moment the gambling element comes into it.

This warning is not likely to reach effectively any large speculators through *The Companion*. But it will reach tens of thousands of lads, who in farm houses, in offices and shops are tempted to invest part of their small earnings in lotteries or stock gambling. Two facts bearing on this subject are worth their consideration.

A man who as a legitimate broker reached a controlling position in Wall street was asked just before his death if he had known many men outside of the Exchange make a fortune by gambling in stocks. After some consideration he replied:

"Not a single one, I have known amateurs come on the street and make large sums by a chance hit. But they always preserved, and invariably ended poorer than when they began. The business more than any other requires long experience and carefully trained judgment. No novice can master it."

The other facts is that the profits of the most fairly conducted lottery in the United States were so vast that it was enabled to offer a million and a quarter of dollars a year for the mere right to renew its charter.

What chance has the poor shop boy or clerk who buys a share in a lottery ticket or speculates in stock, to turn his dollar into thousands as he hopes, against such odds as these?

The third rock in the way of the business man was the reckless backing of his fellows. His first duty, says the wise counselor, is to his partners and creditors. After their interests are secured let him be generous.

A rock, not pointed out upon this chart, has proved the ruin of countless business craft. It is the temptation dishonestly to adulterate or lower the value of the goods sold. A drug, a machine, a fabric is of the best quality and hence deservedly popular. Its owners are reaping a small but certain profit. A little more alcohol in the drug, a cheaper make of steel in the machine, a mixture of shoddy in the yarn, and these profits will be immeasurably increased.

But the public is keen of eye and merciless of judgment. The dishonest manufacturer finds his downward road short and swift. His capital of good opinion once destroyed, it never can be restored.

Miss Mary: "Well, judging from his appearance, I should say he had a long life before him."—Dr. Bones: Wrong—quite wrong! His life is not worth six months' purchase."—Miss Mary: "Are you attending him, Dr. Bones?"

Raising Pullets for Eggs.

If you want good laying hens in the winter, writes a correspondent, keep an eye on your early hatched chickens, and select the best developed and healthy looking pullets for furnishing you with eggs next winter. For several weeks after hatching the young chicks should be fed a little five or six times a day. After they are half grown, three or four times a day—not to fatten them, but to make them grow. I would give but very little grain, and that should be mostly wheat, oats or rye, some buck-wheat, and very rarely a little cracked corn. Two rations out of every three should be soft food made of wheat bran, shorts, mashed potatoes and a little corn meal, all well stirred up together. If mixed up with milk instead of water it will be greatly improved.

Give the scraps from the table through the day along with their rations. See to it that they have green food of some description and plenty of fresh water. Green clover and cabbage leaves will be excellent; also a little bone meal in their mash, and gravel should always be within their reach. By forcing the best pullets in this way you will be quite sure to set them to laying in the fall, which, if properly housed and fed, they will continue through the winter, when, if left to shift for themselves and make a slow and scanty growth until cold weather, they are not likely to lay at all until next spring.

The Pride of Matrimony.

In his recently published "Trials of a Country Parson," Dr. Jessup tells some amusing anecdotes picked up in Arcady. As this: "It is very shocking in a sensitive person to hear the way in which the old people speak of their dead wives or husbands exactly as if they'd been horses or dogs. They are always proud of having been married more than once. 'You didn't think, miss, as I'd had five wives, now, did you? Ah, but I have, though—leastways I buried five on 'em in the churchyard, that I did—and tree on 'em bewties!' On another occasion I playfully suggested: 'Don't you mix up your husbands now and then, Mrs. Page, when you talk about them?' 'Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I really do! But my third husband, he was a man! I don't mix him up. He got killed fighting—you've heerd tell of that, I make no doubt.' The others warn't nothing to him. He'd ha' mixed them up quick enough if they'd intertered wi' him. Lawk ha! He'd 'a made nothing of them!'"

Figs and Thistles.

If money could buy salvation, gold would be at a mighty big premium.

If people had to live to please each other nobody would ever get to heaven.

If the devil ever hits you it will be because your back is turned toward him.

The first thing Satan did in Eden was to propose a festival, and he still keeps at it.

One of the saddest sights angels have to look at is a man who is mean in money matters.

Faith in God will move mountains. All money can do is to make a tunnel through them.

The moment we begin to help somebody God lightens our labor by causing our hearts to help our hands.

It takes more religion to hold a man level in a horse trade than it does to make him shout at camp-meeting.

The Daughter—How dare you fairly pound my door down?

The Book Fiend—I beg your pardon. Have I disturbed you?

Disturbed! Fly, or I'll call the police! You have waked our baby.

"Oh! Well, just let me get him to sleep for you while you look over a copy of The Slings and Arrows of Outrageous Fortune—only $1.

LADIES' JOURNAL

Bible Competition!

NO. 26.

The Old Reliable again to the fore. A splendid list of Rewards.

Don't Delay! Send at Once!

Competition Number Twenty Six opens now at the solicitation of thousands of the old friends and competitors in former contests.

The Editor of THE LADIES' JOURNAL has nearly forty thousand testimonials as to the fairness with which these Bible Competitions have been conducted.

This competition is to be short and decisive. It will remain open only till the 15th day of December inclusive.

The questions are as follows:—Where in the Bible are the following words first found, 1 HEM, 2 ROBE, 3 GARMENT.

To the first person sending in the correct answer to these questions will be given number one of these rewards—the Piano. To the next person, the $100.00 in cash, and so on till all these rewards are given away.

FIRST REWARDS.

First one, an Elegant Upright Piano by celebrated Canadian Firm ... $500
Second one, One Hundred Dollars in cash ... 100
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Teacher's Bible, $3 ... 45
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement $60 ... 420
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet ... 55
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40 ... 200
Next one, Twenty Dollars in cash ... 20
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces ... 250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service of 68 pieces ... 200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's works, bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15 ... 75
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Open Face or Hunting Case Watch, $30 ... 210

MIDDLE REWARDS.

To the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last will be given the fifty dollars in cash. To the sender of the next correct answer following the middle will be given one of the ten dollar amounts, and so on till all the middle rewards are distributed.

First, Fifty dollars in cash ... $50
Next five, each $10 in cash ... 50
Next three, each a fine Family Sewing Machine, $50 ... 150
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50 ... 250
Next ten, each a Fine Triple Silver Plated Tea Set, (4 pieces) $50 ... 400
Next twenty-one, each a set of Dickens' Works, Beautifully bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20 ... 420
Next five, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, by Powell, Bishop & Stonier, Harmley, England ... 250
Next five, each a fine French China Tea Service, of 68 pieces, specially imported, $40 ... 200
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Eliot's works bound in cloth, 5 vols., $15 ... 75
Next eighteen, each a handsome Silver Plated Sugar Bowl, $5 ... 90
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, $50 ... 250
Next fifty-five, each a handsome long Silver Plated Button Hook ... 55

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

For those who are too late for any of the above rewards the following special list is offered, as far as they will go. To the sender of the last correct answer received at LADIES' JOURNAL office postmarked 15th December or earlier, will be given number one of these consolation prizes, to the next to the last, number two, and so on till these rewards are all given away.

First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash ... $100
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at $15 ... 225
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movements $60 ... 420
Next nineteen, each a Set of a Dozen Tea Knives, heavily plated, $10 ... 190
Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch $50 ... 250
Next fifteen, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Gem Ring, $7 ... 105
Next forty-one, each an Imitation Steel Engraving, Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair $2 ... 82
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, Handsomely Bound in Cloth, 10 vols., $20 ... 80
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet new design ... 5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) $40 ... 200
Next twenty-five, a Teachers' Fine, Well Bound Bible, with concordance ... 100

Each person competing must send One Dollar with their answers, for one year's subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL. The LADIES' JOURNAL has been greatly enlarged and improved and is in every way equal at this price to any of the publications issued for ladies on this continent. You, therefore, pay nothing at all for the privilege of competing for these prizes.

The prizes will be distributed in time for Christmas Presents to friends, if you wish to use them in that way.

The distribution will be in the hands of disinterested parties and the prizes given strictly in the order letters arrive at the LADIES' JOURNAL office. Over 255,000 persons have received rewards in previous competitions. Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

Two Funny Letters.

The funniest thing in connection with the diplomatic relations of the United States is the letters sent to the President by the rulers of other nations announcing births and such events in sovereign families. Such communications are the custom among the Powers, and there is a stereotyped form for them. For instance, on the occasion of the last important domestic happening in the household of the Queen a letter came from her to President Harrison as follows:

Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc., to Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States:

Great and Good Friend: I have the pleasure of announcing the birth of a fine boy, the 21st inst., to my granddaughter, the Princess Battenberg, who is doing as well as can be expected. This event will doubtless cement the cordial relations existing between our Governments.

Your good friend, VICTORIA.

This letter is written on ruled blue paper, and to it President Harrison replies on white vellum paper as follows:

Great and Good Friend: I have received the pleasant news conveyed to me by your communication of the 22d instant, and am glad that the happy event came off safely. It is my earnest prayer and expectation that the said event will strengthen the bonds of amity and friendship which so happily subsist between our two Governments. Your good friend, BENJAMIN HARRISON.

It is worth noting that the President never sees these letters from Queen Victoria and other sovereigns at all. And the replies, which are written in an elegant Spencerian hand by a $1200 clerk in the Department of State, are merely taken to him for his signature. Such is the nonsence of diplomacy.

THE G. T. R AND C. P. R.

A Combination of Interests Between These Two Great Lines Possible.

MONTREAL, Oct. 3, 1890.—From time to time rumors have gone forth that negotations were on foot between the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railways looking to a union of these two great trunk lines—or, if not a union, at least to closer relations, and perhaps a pooling of receipts. "Is there anything in it?" Is the question an interested public has asked? Thus far apparently there has not, but once more the attention of the public is conspicuously drawn to these roads, and the knowing ones assert that this time some united move is contemplated. The prolonged visit of Sir Joseph Tyler; his visit to the Northwest, and the proposed hostile legislation threatened by the United States towards these two great roads, give rise to various rumors, and the question is again asked, "what will be the result? Will they combine to protect their mutual interests?" Time will tell; but, in the meantime, there is one matter upon which those connected with these great railways unanimously agree, namely, that Nasal Balm is the only remedy for the effectual cure of cold in the head and catarrh, in all forms and stages. The following testimony from two well-known officials of these lines bear out this assertion. Mr. J. D. Kennedy, G. T. R. agent at Brockville, says: "A short treatment with Nasal Balm radically removed all symptoms of my catarrh. The preparation is pleasant and easy to use, and gives immediate and permanent relief." Mr. Gordon Starr, C.P. R. agent at Brockville, says: "For some years I was troubled with a severe case of catarrh, and was seldom free from catarrhal headache. I tried many remedies, but without avail. I procured a bottle of Nasal Balm, and in less than a week my headaches had disappeared, together with all other symptoms of catarrh. I believe Nasal Balm is a boon to all suffering from this terrible malady." Every sufferer from cold in the head or catarrh should at once procure a bottle of Nasal Balm. No other remedy can possibly take its place. For sale by all dealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price (75 cts. small size, and $1 large size bottles) by addressing FULFORD & Co., Brockville, Ont.

Royalty Notices It.

(*From the London Free Press.*)

Lord Aberdeen on his way down Richmond up to the station yesterday afternoon remarked to Col. Lewis, who was an occupant of the cab with him, that he had a liking for nice travelling equipment, and he thought the display of Alex. Johnston & Co., in the Main Building, was as fine as anything he ever had the pleasure of looking upon in Old London or Glasgow, and that he would have liked to have had a few minutes more to inspect minutely. We also joined with the noble Earl in praise of the beautiful exhibit. Although no prizes are given the firm deserves special reference. They show some special lines in Valises, Cabin, Tourist and Club Bags. The Roller Tray Trunk, manufactured by J. Eveleigh & Co., of Montreal, with whom Alex. Johnston & Co. do a large trade, deserves more than a passing notice. The tray rolls back in the lid, and a lady desiring to get any article out of the bottom of the trunk need not lift everything out to reach it, but simply rolls the tray into the cover. The firm assured the *Free Press* reporter that in a very short time the Roller Tray Trunk would supersede the old style, and from the number of enquiries for the "new departure" in trunks, and also the sales made, the reporter was forced to agree with the leading member of the firm in this respect. The prices of the trunks astonished spectators and enquirers. The firm show trunks from $2 up; also some very choice ones with brass trimmings, made from Eveleigh's Rawhide Fibre, a patent material which is very light and durable. Some solid leather work in trunks, valises and portmanteaus is also exhibited. A very handsome portmanteau on display caught the Rev. Father Tierman's eye and he lost no time in purchasing it for his own use. Messrs. Johnston & Co. are to be congratulated on the meritorious display they make, and the hope is expressed that they will again assist the Western Fair Board to make the exhibition a success in their line, as it has been this year.

A company of ladies and gentlemen were playing at forfeits when a wag proposed that all the rest should do as he did. He thereupon took a handkerchief, dipped it in water, and began rubbing his face.

"Now, all of you do the same, please!"

At this the ladies, in a body, got up and fled from the room.—[Paris Figaro.

NOTICE.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine will instantly relieve, as well as stop, a severe fit of coughing.

A lovely inkstand is of brass enameled in colors, with the inkwell of cut glass.

Recommended to Sufferers.

Gibbons' Toothache Gum. Price 15 cents

Flower necklaces worn by bridemaids are mounted on black velvet ribbon, and consist of small flowers.

The easy quiet way which T. A. SLOCUM'S